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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1187.

Original Poetry.

THE MOHAWK'S SERENADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD D. PRICE.

Hist! my light one! come to me,
Come the where blue,
While the night's flowery dew
Is yet fresh;
Speed to the dripping shade;
Where the fountain's sparkling rill
Is but each other kind,
Gently is sleeping.

Come though the midnight air
Softly shall wander there,
Each bashful blossom greet,
Shall, at its waking,
Whisper to her sleep,
Where the wild rose blows,
Resembling from her cheeks,
Gentle her white sleeping.

Original Tales.

THE PROPHECY;
Or, The Unknown Friend.
A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY CHARLES O. SHEPARD.

CHAPTER VI.

Tramp! tramp! along the land they rode,
Splash! splash! along the sea;
The feather in the cap is red,
The rowel's blood,
The flashing pebbles flee
Like fiel what mountains freely skow'st!
How fled what darkness fled!
And fled the moon, and fled the sun,
The hour's above their head.
William and Helen.

Meanwhile Lord Hamilton swiftly pursued his way over the mountains. The fatigue of the journey seemed to feel his additional burthen. Caroline on resuming, looked up at her companion, he instantly averted his eyes, and, conscious that resistance was useless, submitted passively to her fate. On, on they rode with the swiftness of the wind. Now they passed down a dreary and bright upon them, and threw the shadows of the trees and bushes far across the path. Have a true had fallen across the way, but their gallant steed cleared it at a bound, and continued on as swiftly as before. Now across the hills and mountains and now in the valleys and moaning among the pines, and sounding like a dirge over the spirits of those who had fallen in the war. Now the moon went down, and left no light but the feeble twinkling of the stars to light them on their way.

They came to a little brook of pure, sparkling water, and Hamilton allowed his horse a few moments to rest and refresh himself at its source. But again they started and rode for hours and hours. The first faint streaks of morning began to appear in the east when the cause in sight of the British camp. They dismounted, and Hamilton, taking the unresisting girl in his arms passed on foot through a narrow defile, and gained the spot. It had already been prepared for the reception of Caroline, and a young girl was engaged by Lord Hamilton to attend to her wants in a serene and afford society to her.

For the first few hours she was left alone. Refreshments were sent in, and the negro girl—and from ear to ear, as he said on going out, "Master send his compliments to Miss Caroline, an will come and see her soon." Although she had not tasted food for some time she could not eat with relish. She leaned her head on her hands, she relapsed into a reverie, from which she was at length aroused by the entrance of Lord Hamilton. He was dressed with his usual elegance of taste, and remained for a moment as if spell bound, while, it may be, a feeling of admiration came over him, at the thought of the sin of giving pain to one so exquisitely lovely.

"Miss Caroline, I hope pardon me for the course I have pursued," said he, "at least, she must believe that it is her surpassing beauty that has caused me to act as I have done. I am a lonely and unprotected man—methinks nothing but a smile should ever come upon that sunny face. Your life shall be as happy as my eternal love and fond devotion can make it."

He approached nearer, and kneeling, pressed her hand to his lips. As he continued, "Caroline, you can never know how ardently you were loved; how I have thought of you for weeks and months, and pictured to myself the happy hour when I could call you my own wife."

"Stop, stop, I entreat you, sir; oh! this is cruel—his unmanly to compel me to listen to such language. I feel that I am hardly used, but I am helpless, and I will submit, and with her slender fingers pressed hard upon her throbbing temples, murmured, "It is it all a dream? oh, no, no, 'tis too real—oh that Edward knew it—he would—oh—I shall go mad," and sinking yet further back she lay as if she were dying.

Hamilton beat over and gazed upon her beautiful features. "How sweet is innocence," said he. "Ah is not the love of such a girl well worth striving for! it is too delightful to lose upon that fair creature. It is not strange that sorrow should visit her so early! Her father and mother both dead—but now—now she is all my own, and I will protect her. Hush! she sleeps—her breath seems to fill the air with perfume—'tis like the soft, dewy fragrance from a bed of roses. How it is—how wrong to love thus wildly, passionately! To suffer all other joys to fade away and sink into nothing, and to centre in one all the ecstacy of standing by the dear object of one's affections! She sleeps still—how peaceful and tranquil all is calm now. His emotions and tranquil all is calm now. His emotions and the name of 'Edward.' Can it be possible that she loves already! Had I known his course I would not have treated her as I have done! Perhaps I may be mistaken—but I heard her repeat the name. How marble and lovely—like her features! Oh! how beautiful and delicate. Could all the sculptors that ever astonished the world with their genius—could Phidias or Michael Angelo have carved anything more exquisitely beautiful! Ah, Caroline, why art thou so lovely! Evil was the hour when I saw thee—from that moment my peace of mind was gone. I lived and breathed but in the thought of thee, and now—Edward I hate for yonder lady, I will comply you would in time love me and consent to be mine—to find that another has possession of your heart's best feelings and prayers—to find that there could be nothing dangerous in it, gave it to Caroline, who took it without saying a word, and having swallowed the contents, handed it back to Mary. In about half an hour she fell into a quiet sleep, and Mary recently laid her on the bed. She now wished to be left alone, but the physician insisted upon staying until his patient was recovered, which he assured her, would be in six hours. Mary trembled, for Ralph had promised to be with her at precisely twelve, and she knew they could not escape while the doctor was watching their movements. Nevertheless, she was obliged to submit, and determined to wait as patiently as possible, till her troublesome companion should take his leave, trusting that Ralph would be too prudent to enter while any one was in the tent, but herself and Caroline.

She at last began to feel weary, having got up with Caroline at the usual hour, and she sank into an unconscious, dreamy sleep, from not exactly asleep. The hours rolled on, and Mary was awoke by the cocks in a neighboring village to the hour of nine. She aroused herself as looked around, but the tent was so dark that she could not see. She immediately struck a light, and the first object that met her view was the physician, who appeared to be sleeping in his chair as he was seated in a listless attitude. He awoke at this moment, and slowly advanced towards her. Although not much alarmed, still in this way she reached the tent door, and was about to open it, when a voice without cried out, "Don't open, but come close upto her, and suddenly seizing her hands to prevent her from struggling, and placing one hand on her mouth to prevent her screaming, he slid into her face. The deep crimson mounted to her forehead, but she could offer no resistance. Her voice was entirely stifled in her throat, and she felt that she was in the power of Ralph, and that he could do with her as he pleased.

"Mary, dare I ask your forgiveness?" said he. "But hush, not a word now. I will explain all by and bye. We shall, I hope, escape without much difficulty. Your Caroline is not yet expect to find her in this situation. But she will sleep quietly now, until we can reach our own lines. I know we should not be able to escape unless she was put to sleep in some way. But, Mary, do you think if I were to offer you any thing now to drink, you would to spare me in taste of it first?"

"No, indeed," said the happy girl. "But you frighten me one very much! He kissed her rosy lips, then taking Caroline in his arms he left the tent, whispering to Mary to follow him. He moved with the light and step which, however, was rather unfavorable to their undertaking, as they were much more likely to be discovered. They passed quietly down a small hill, and Ralph, who had procured two horses, mounted one, with Caroline before him, and Mary placed herself behind the other. They were afraid to ride fast, lest the sound of their horses feet should alarm the sentinels, who at this time, were walking to the house in the British camp, and the lights moving to and fro, they were aware that their escape was not unobserved. Ralph now urged on his horse to the gallop. They rode swiftly along, and soon entered a thick wood, where he felt that he was safe from pursuit, and considered themselves nearly safe. But still, at intervals, they heard the loud neighing of the horses, and the shouts of ill to-morrow, they divided into small parties of two or three, each, to pursue the fugitives. Ralph spurred on his horse until he reached a small open spot of ground, and Mary kept close by his side. As they were ascending a small hill her horse stumbled and fell. He could not rise from his fall, but fell, he was a huge wig, and seemed to have a pretty good opinion of himself. Mary was without any support, and was thrown over the head of her horse. She was stunned by the fall, but soon recovered her senses, and found herself in the arms of Ralph, who was bending over her, and kissing her forehead and cheeks.

"Faith, Jack, we'll have them now. Here is their horse. They cannot be far distant. Ha, ha! and Dick, some fine booty for us. We will remain here to stop them in case they attempt to run past. I should like to see the fellow's face when he finds he's a prisoner to their former protector. Ha! ha! a right noble defence that."

Ralph's blood boiled as he listened, but the thought of the two females by his side, relying upon him for aid, prevented him from leaving from his place of concealment. At this moment, Caroline unfortunately awoke, and screamed aloud as she saw the place she was in. Knowing that the British soldiers would be near, Ralph rushed at the officer in command, while Mary remained, to calm and soothe Caroline, which was now quite easy.

But aid was approaching; at the instant Ralph was surrounded by the enraged soldiers, two of them were killed by the sword, and he was thrown behind, and the tall form of the stranger appeared in the dim light, while he struck on every side with admirable skill. The contest was short. The British were soon dispersed, and Ralph and Mary could only look their heartfelt thanks at the stranger for his timely aid. He kissed the hand of Caroline, and offered her his horse to conduct her home. Mary and her companion, who had recovered almost unnoticed, behaved more singularly. He started, and seemed much agitated at the sight of Caroline, as he raised her hand to his lips, a tear dropped upon it. They, however, refused to accompany them, as they must be watched on their journey. As Ralph, with the two ladies were now within the American lines, and only a short distance from home, they felt no anxiety, and rode leisurely along Caroline said nothing, but her eyes wandered restlessly from Mary to Ralph, and she clung close to the side of the former, as if for protection.

Mary stood at the door of the house to bid them welcome, and when she saw Ralph, with the agony which suffered the most at parting. Ralph dreaded to be the bearer of such unpleasant news to Stanley. Though Caroline was now safe, yet her reason was destroyed; and Mary, with all the timid fearfulness of gentle woman's nature, trembled, and she said, "I feel an unusual complaint—but her quick short breath and tearful eye, as she stood by his side for, perhaps, the last time, told more than words could have done. Long did she cherish, and when he turned to leave her, she said,

"Stay, dear Ralph, one question more." And she looked down, while a sweet blush tinted her cheek, as she said, half hesitatingly—"Why did you wish me to go out of the tent, and leave you alone with Caroline?"

He caught her to his breast, and his face touched hers, as he replied,

"I was afraid that she, with the quick eye of a maniac, would penetrate my disguise, and I did not wish you to know me at that time. Besides, I wished to see if you could be prevailed upon to leave your friend. Forgive me, dearest, for my wife been selfish. I now that she will always be taken care of, so long as you are with her. Good-bye. I hope at some future day to return and claim you as my own—dear Mary. Fare-well!"

CHAPTER VII.

No Hugh Nixon By you and no, I think the 'tenses pass'd: I spy a grand order for another."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

The next days passed by Mary in devising various plans to make Caroline comprehend the necessity of keeping perfectly still when she was in bed, which was done upon her throbbing head. Sometimes she would listen attentively, and Mary to hope that she would be able, with difficulty I assure you, but again should exclaim passionately that she would never let husband and go to New York business of importance, consequently they were left to themselves the greater part of the day.

About the afternoon the negro came to her in a physician "tend to de lady." He was a portly old gentleman, with very much of age. Not very tall, but a fat; he wore a huge wig, and seemed to have a pretty good opinion of himself. Mary would receive any friends from the negro, and I insist on doing what seems as both judicious and proper. If the physician was pleased to look of his hat and make a bow, and then advanced towards Caroline was about to take her hand, but Mary, half-timid, rising to Mary and would not suffer to touch her. "Of a truth," said he, of a large pinch of snuff, "most praiseworthy virtue in females of age. Not very good to the established rules and usages of our race, it is not, it cannot be expected that our females will deviate any branch from my orders; and I insist on doing what seems as both judicious and proper. If the patient is to be left alone for a few minutes," he continued he, addressing Mary, "it will infinite advantage to her, and will be the means of giving her a speedy cure."

Therefore, under all the circumstances the case, which I lay before you as a physician, I would decline any benefit from my orders; and I insist on doing what seems as both judicious and proper. If the patient is to be left alone for a few minutes," he continued he, addressing Mary, "it will infinite advantage to her, and will be the means of giving her a speedy cure."

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CHAPTER VIII.

"——— Hast thou in thy heart one touch
Of human kindness? if thou hast, why tell me
And see by my wife been selfish."
Lady of Lyons.

"So, Caroline is at home once more," said dame Willoughby to Mary, the next morning. "Poor girl! I feel sorry for her. And Stanley, Ralph would be too prudent for a time, and he's a noble young man. But, I dare say, you have a great deal to tell me about what has occurred since you made a hasty retreat. Sit down and tell me all about it, Mary, dear." The old lady was soon so interested in her narrative, that she forgot the unfortunate state of Caroline, who approached her, and peeping over her shoulder, looked in her face and exclaimed wildly,

"Why, what is the matter?" said she.

"The matter? did you ask me what was the matter? Is—is—murder so a trifling affair now-days—there now—look, I say; do you see him—him—oh! 'tis frightful." She covered her face and shuddered.

"Indeed, there is nothing to frighten one," said Mary.

"Nothing? why, look again—tis Stanley all covered with blood—and my father, too—just as he was on that fearful night. They are coming to murder me—they are coming to murder us all. Oh! save me, save me from them—they will kill me. But then they will kill you, too. Hark! I hear the sound of the sea—the waves are rolling over the rocks—the sea is full of blood—the sea is full of blood—the sea is full of blood

Agricultural.

TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

We give the following valuable suggestions on the authority of the celebrated Dennis Offaly, and recommend them to the attention of all gentlemen engaged in raising stock.

To Make Gentle Cows.—First halter them with a strong rope to a suitable place, then commence milking or feeding them from the hand. Afterwards rub them all over as different times, for three days, feeding and watering them three times a day. Do not feed them high, but keep them always ready to receive food and water. Rub them every time you feed. Do not stroke them one blow, as that will make them fearful; nor will cattle deal kindly that are beaten or roughly used.

The above treatment will make the most cross gentle. A little attention to calves, when very young, will make them even after manageable.

He says—and we subscribe to the doctrine—"Remove fear and give confidence, to make gentle horses and cattle."

To Train a Horse to Stand Fire-Arms.—First flash the gun before the horse; then rub him in the face the way of the hair, and let him smell the powder; and repeat a until he becomes gentle. If very bad, put him in a strong stall or pen, and fire before him and all around him, until he is free from fear.

So with an umbrella. Go to him with it shut; then rub him in the face with the umbrella, still at a little distance. Do this for five times. Then go on him, raise it, and hold it as high as possible; rub him about until he is used to it—but not in wind or rain. Repeat this the next day, and by these means he will soon be safe.

To Bleed a Horse or Ox From the Heart or Lying Down is the Gear.—Tie him down with a rope, so that he cannot get upon his knees. Then, when he gets up work him for one hour. Give him water from your hand, and feed him, as this tends to make food from you—removing fear, and rendering confidence.

If your horse has been "baulked," as it is termed, and will not pull, place him on a good team, and when on smooth ground let the team and, at the word, touch him up several times with a gad, and he will pull kindly. If the horse has been whipped, be kind, and be sure not to touch him behind, but on the face and legs.—*Mississippi Valley Farmer.*

TOBACCO AROUND PEACH TREES.

To the Editor.—I have read with interest in different numbers of the Cabinet, articles reporting the depredations of the insect *Egeria Exitiosa*, upon the peach tree, and have seen various remedies proposed. I too, am induced to offer one, as simple, as I believe it is effectual, viz: an application of tobacco in the following manner. In the latter part of spring or early part of summer, scrape the earth from around the body of the tree, to the depth of one to three inches, being particularly careful not to injure the crown of the roots; the cup thus formed with trash tobacco from the stage, and examine hand of the tree to the height of three or four inches, with the stems or leaves. I do not offer this as a means to remove a diseased tree, but as a preventive, the efficiency of which has been tested for nineteen years, by Samuel Wiland, one of the most approved nurserymen and extensive fruit growers, in this section. It originated with him by other practical farmers with unfailing success. The efficacy of the ill weed, when applied in this manner, appears to result from its universal nauseousness. The place which the insect selects for depositing its eggs, is the junction of the boll of the tree with the surface of the ground, and finding there a substance which is loathsome to it, if chooses rather to wing its way to the orchard of a less prudent neighbor, than consign its eggs, and consequently to insure the reproduction of its species in a free or fortified against its attacks. I am aware that some can be prejudiced against this remedy on account of its simplicity; but it may be well to remember, that simple inventions, and simple remedies, are often the most valuable, and are the soonest discovered. Be not discouraged then, but give it a fair trial, and if you are not richly rewarded with an abundant supply of one of the most delicious gifts of Pomona, then I am much deceived.

BUCKEYE FARMER.

Smithfield, Ohio, 1844. For Cab.

CULTURE OF THE CUCUMBER.

I will state a fact relative to the planting of cucumbers, which came under my observation, and which is worthy of being known. I had at least give a further trial myself of its reality, though I cannot recover there is a doubt remaining on the subject. Last spring a friend of mine and myself were planting cucumbers in the same hill. I was planting mine as I usually in gardens, by mixing a small portion of stable manure with the earth, and making a hill an inch or two above the surface of the ground. Observing it, he quietly remarked, "Let me show you how to raise cucumbers." Never having much luck in raising them, I cheerfully agreed to his proposition. He commenced by making holes in the earth at the distance intended for the hills, that would hold about a peck—he then filled them with dry stacked corn, covering the ashes with a very small quantity of earth. The seeds were then planted on a level with the surface of the ground. I was willing to see the experiment tried, but had no expectation of anything but a loss of seed, labor and soil. But imagine my astonishment, (notwithstanding a direct season never was known, and almost a universal failure of garden vegetables,) when I found that vines remarkably thrifty, and as fine a crop of cucumbers as any one need wish to raise. And they continued to bear for a very long time unusually so, in fact. I will not philosophize or moralize on this subject, but say to all try it—and instead of throwing your sales in a useless heap to stumble over next year, put them to their proper use, and reap your rich reward.—*Ohio Farmer.*

POTATOES FROM THE SEED.

Messrs. Editors:—To raise potatoes from the seed, take a handful of ripe balls and mash well; rub them well with the hand, in a pan of water; the seeds will settle to the bottom, and the water and pulp may be easily turned off. Turn on more water, and repeat it till them dry; then put them in papers for use.

Now them in rows as you do carrots, covering them slightly. The plants should stand as much as three inches apart in the rows, and must be kept free from weeds.

When they are ripe you will observe that a few of the plants have produced more than one potato each; put these in separate papers, because all that are produced from one seed are of one sort. The rest may be mixed together. These are generally so many sorts of potatoes as there are plants.

When these are planted, they should be planted in hills eight or nine inches apart; and where you have two or three that came from one plant, separate them, and let each rest by stakes. When you dig them, save only those which are well shaped and of good size; and put up the several sorts in paper bags. Keep them separate the next year, and you will soon be able to judge which are worth retaining.—*Boston Cultivator.*

Durability of Timber in the West State.—Of the durability of timber in a wet state the piles of the bridge built by the Emperor Trajan across the Danube, are an example. One of these piles was taken up, and found to be petrified to the depth of three quarters of an inch; but the rest of the wood was little different from its ordinary state, though it had been driven more than sixteen centuries.—*Buffalo.*

The piles under the London Bridge have been driven about 600 years, and from Mr. Dixon's observations, in 1834, it does not appear that they were materially decreased.—*Holden's tracts.* vol. 1, p. 119.] In 1818, they were sufficiently sound to support the money superintendent. They are chiefly of elm.—*Penal Code.*

In digging away the foundation of Old Sarum Palace, London, which was built 600 years ago, the whole of the piles consisting of oak, were found in a state of decay, and in a state of perfect soundness, as also was the planking which had been covered by the gravel.—*Sup. Encyl.*

Asbestos.—A medical correspondent, on whose statement we can most implicitly rely, informs us that the advantages of the plaid now are sufficiently announced by those who suffer from rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of rheumatism are cured in a day by lending on this delicious exercise, and those chronic cases are much relieved. Some of the cases stated manifestly stood all acids, whether in food or beverage. The intrepid naturalist has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The hands may be taken to the usual way but the nails must be the knees and shins, and back the use or four times a day, is certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.—*York Herald Courier.*

Hoard for the Benevolent.—The Louisville Journal, under date Mr. T. B. Stallman, of Carroll county, Ky., recently slaughtered nine Shorthorn hogs, full blood, of one litter, 20 months old, weighing 2,479 lbs. They were kept on common corn. Mr. Landed Foote, of Bardstown county, Ky., slaughtered a Berkshire hog last January, 2 years and 9 months old, the dressed weight of which was 700 lbs. The 10th of June last, he was estimated to weigh only 300 lbs.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 27, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any individual sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, two copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

PRIZE POEMS.

In December last we offered a series of prizes, to be awarded to the authors of the best Original Poems, written for the "United States Saturday Post;" the whole to be duly examined and decided upon by, a competent committee of literary gentlemen. The proposition met with a highly favorable response from the writers of our country, and at the expiration of the time specified in our offer, we found ourselves in possession of many excellent and truly valuable poetical efforts.

These have undergone an examination by Messrs. H. Chandler, Richard Penn Smith and Robert Morris, Esquires, the committee selected for the purpose, and the first prize has been awarded to the author of the splendid "Freedom," the author of which, we have ascertained to be the Hon. Robert T. Conrad, of this city.

For the minor premiums, a number of poems, evincing a high degree of merit, were presented, and the task of discriminating between them proved so difficult and delicate, that it has been deemed expedient to make no award in this instance.

It is proper for us to state therefore, that these poems, as well as those of the successful writers, will be in competition for the first prize, remain at the disposal of our respective authors, and will be, by them, returned to their direction, until the first day of July next.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The intelligence from the Old World in this day's paper, though generally of less than usual moment, is particularly interesting in reference to the individual who will be nominated more than any other the public eye—we mean Daniel O'Connell. These would seem to have been the results of the measures of the last session of parliament, and the day until which he was released on his recognizance has already passed—the fifteenth of April. It is well understood that he would pursue his right of appeal to the last tribunal—the House of Peers; and it would not be unnatural, therefore, if even after all the judicial proceedings against him, he should accept a pardon from the Queen. But then the conditions of the pardon would be necessary. Whatever may be done, we repeat the opinion that the Post has already more than once expressed, that the Ministry are not disposed to push matters to the extremity of punishment.

The ministry seems to have met a check, which amounts to a defeat, on the Factory Bill. The unhappy condition of the operatives in English mines, so notoriously worse than that of any laborers in any part of the civilized world, whatever may be their nominal position. That evil, it was supposed, the Bill of Lord Ashley would be in some sort a remedy. But the lords, or their employers. A certain amount of money can be obtained by manufacturers on a stated capital, and that, after the ratio of depreciation, taxation, or any other cause, prevent principals from giving operatives enough for their labor to support life in comfort. The aggregation of property on the one hand, and the destitution of misery on the other, put the legislature and the duty of the rich, that it is of no use to legislate against the power of the rich, while the relative positions of the two classes are what they are. Now, if a remedy will procure an act of the legislature, that the moon shall not spoil shad, instead of taking the most feasible course of correcting the fish from its ways.

If a man's labor of fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen hours, is not sufficient to support him, he leave him no chance to provide for the time when he must be out of work, what good does it do him that here are places in the city where work ten hours a day? It does not enable the employer to pay so much for ten hours as for eighteen. Nor, if a man, by working eighteen hours a day, can make no more than working, if work it could. The income Tax, most righteous in principle, and the donation of the Bankrupt bill, are better Factory Relief Measures, as far as they go, than Sir James Graham'ocracies. But, the question of the Ten Hours Bill will be left to the operatives themselves. Members will not be forever pestered with petitions when they know that the wine see this, and the process of amelioration has indeed commenced. The nib a prerogative would be a hard, at any rate. Appearance of pessimism shades more liberal than the ex by Whigs were. So will changes go on, until the present two hours by the same condition of the laborer looked back at with as much astonishment entirely, and with as little confirmation of the true as we have already looked upon the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the days of serfs at of villainage. The change may be pressed in—or it will not. Ministers may threaten it may partake of both features—but come it will.

So much for foreign matters. At home we are very much as we were a week ago. The Texas rumors rise daily, and New Texas movements pro and con keep up the ranks in full all the time. Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. Packenham is well depicted in this portrait. From Waugh, we have a family group in the costume of Elizabeth's time—an interesting one, and well carried out. Washington Allston, by Chester Harding, is a picture which will be looked at and admired. We regret to see some pictures by Lambdin and Rowse, and there are many other "counterfeit presentments" done by the life, and some of which nothing particular requires to be said.

Bettermost has given to the embankation of Columbus, now four days' sail from Liverpool, also a picture, and Leutze a historical painting. Cromwell and his Daughter. Inman's "Mumble the Beggar," another familiar in subject by the engraving being in the "fifth" for this year, asserts the unequable and distinguished character of the gallery. Page has however skilfully the latter may be guided. West's "Best Club" will not disappoint his admirers.

Hague and Inhmsel's by Easlake is one of the remarkable features of the exhibition, and two or three of Rudkington's beautiful landscapes will attract the admirers of quiet scenery. Mr. I. Williams has yet several landscapes in the exhibition, all of which display a delicate touch and fine coloring. Mr. Cole is sketch-book during a country tour. There are very many things more which we should like to notice—but these to-day, proposing to examine the subject more at our leisure in future numbers.

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TEXAS.

It is stated by the letter writers, that the Texas Treaty was sent to the Senate on Monday. And on the other hand, it is stated in the New York Tree Sun, as from a source entitled "to the fullest credit," that "Almonte, the Mexican Minister, waited on the last day in the Senate, has prevailed upon Mr. Calhoun to despatch a special messenger to Mexico, with a proposition for the exchange of Mexico for a ratification of the treaty for the annexation of Texas. The effect will be to delay any action on the treaty in the United States." The name of the messenger; of course to defeat the ratification during the present session of Congress, and, if possible to defeat it altogether, and this because the British Minister, who is believed to be fully authorized to act for his government, is, in the meantime, using his influence to make a treaty with Texas, giving the government of that country much better terms than they can obtain from the United States."

How much of this is true, or whether any of it is true or not is more than we can pretend to guess. Rumors are, however, current here in Washington, and are mentioned by other letter writers besides the one we have quoted. The statement that Mr. Calhoun has been sent to the Senate is true, without doubt.

It is confidently maintained in some quarters that there will not be more than two votes in the Senate in favor of the treaty—while others speak of its ratification as certain. Meantime the friends and opponents of the measure, in this and in other cities, have been active in getting up meetings and counter-meetings, the friends of annexation professing their ability to state decidedly what is the popular will in regard to this matter—but we do not believe it.

Treaties are supposed to be discussed under the seal of secrecy, but we are nevertheless in the dark. The President's Message is emanating the message, is an able paper—the documents accompanying are not so well spoken of. The Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur, is a fine correspondence to form the bare of the Treaty

1. Texas is to be admitted into the Union as a Territory, with one Representative, to be elected next October.

2. No allowance whatever is made to Mexico in the Treaty.

3. The Texas Debt is to be paid out of the proceeds of the Public Lands the whole of which are to be surrendered to the United States.

4. The Boundary is to be left open for negotiation hereafter.

5. A Board of Commissioners is to settle the claims of debtors.

6. Slavery is to be left an open question; the independent part of Texas hereafter to be a free State.

AFFRAY IN CONGRESS.

We have published to-day a disgraceful affray took place on Tuesday, in the U. S. House of Representatives. Mr. Rathbun, of New York, said, not in debate but in conversation that "he," himself and friends, could prove a certain assertion. Mr. White, of Kentucky, who did not hear him, said—"You are a coward." He then said—"I'll not—swallow that—you?" Of course a rencontre followed—both striking at each other. They were instantly separated.

Great confusion arose, which was interfered in by a man named Moore, of Kentucky, who is not a member of the House, and had no business there. Mr. McCandlis, of Ohio took hold of him, and threw him out of the Hall, as he had been conducting with the officers. As he went out, he fired a pistol at Mr. McC. which missed him, and hit Mr. Wailes, one of the police of the House, in the thigh. The wound is painful but not dangerous. Moore was arrested.

Several motions were made in the confusion. Mr. White, who gave the insult, requested to be heard. He made a sincere and feeling apology, and the House proceeded to business and confirmation. Mr. Rathbun instantly followed his magnanimous example—and the two parties to the affray left the House perfectly amicable with each. This was the only reparation they could offer, and it was promptly done.

Mr. Dromgoole, who had made a motion for their arrest, withdrew it. Mr. Holmes, however, insisted on it. Mr. Dromgoole replied. Mr. Chappell, of Ga., denied their service censure. A resolution was finally adopted, authorizing the Speaker to issue his warrant to inquire and report upon the whole subject, including the assault of Wm. S. Moore, and the House then adjourned.

AMERICAN BATTLE GROUNDS.

The publisher of Graham's Magazine has entered, with spirit, upon his enterprise, of having "The Battle Grounds of America" engraved for the work. The plan is a good one, that he commenced the project some years ago, and has now his place so fully ripened, that the materials are all gathered, and the artists are engaged in their several departments. We have seen the "Grounds" of the country. "Yorktown" and "Germantown" are the two next, and they are most beautifully executed, as we can testify "Brandywine," appears to have been received with great favor, and is a splendid picture. The following notice of this popular monthly is clipped from the Newtown Journal.

Graham's Magazine has a new feature into his superb Magazine, this month. It consists of a view of the Battle Ground of Brandywine, elegantly engraved on steel—being the first of a series of battles to be published in succession as it is sighted. Philadelphia is not one of them; and her practice has gone beyond the merely local, and taken a national range in the patronage of reminiscences. But we have neither time nor space to go into an essay on the true and most liberal theme of the influence of the arts to-day.

It is gratifying to find Philadelphia so well and so liberally patronized by the arts of her collection; and although we are a little disappointed in not finding some old favorites in the "Gallery of Illustrious Americans," we have no doubt the laboring and dependent poor of Europe will be relieved. Men will not be forever pelted with pebbles when they look for bread. The wise see this, and the process of amelioration has indeed commenced. The nib a prerogative would be a hard, at any rate. Appearance of pessimism shades more liberal than the ex by Whigs were. So will changes go on, until the present two hours by the same condition of the laborer looked back at with as much astonishment entirely, and with as little confirmation of the true as we have already looked upon the days of Queen Elizabeth, and the days of serfs at of villainage. The change may be pressed in—or it will not. Ministers may threaten it may partake of both features—but come it will.

So much for foreign matters. At home we are very much as we were a week ago. The Texas rumors rise daily, and New Texas movements pro and con keep up the ranks in full all the time. Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. Packenham is well depicted in this portrait. From Waugh, we have a family group in the costume of Elizabeth's time—an interesting one, and well carried out. Washington Allston, by Chester Harding, is a picture which will be looked at and admired. We regret to see some pictures by Lambdin and Rowse, and there are many other "counterfeit presentments" done by the life, and some of which nothing particular requires to be said.

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CHINESE SUPERSTITION.

The Chinese believe that when a person is killed by a Tiger, his ghosts or ghost becomes a slave to the beast, and attends upon it—that the spirit sees the part of a Jackal as it were, and leads the Tiger to his prey, and so thoroughly subjects him to its power that he becomes his Tigerish master, that he often brings the Tiger to the presence of his wife and children, and actually sees them devouring before his ghostly face.

We wonder whether the "Celestials" do not believe the converse of the Hayti[en]—since the spirits of tigers animate and guide men, particularly the "foreign barbarians." Their experience with the English might easily lead them to such a belief.

GREAT DISCOVERY.

A discovery is announced in the Hollidaysburg Register, which, if it realize the expectations of the inventor, will prove the most wonderful affair in the world. It is a plan for propelling boats on the Pennsylvania Canal and Railroad by steam, and without the aid of ropes, also without any stoppage, but at the same rate of speed as on the Railroad ascending; and at one mile to fifteen in descending, accordingly as required, without the possibility of losing the trade—and the greatest power of stopping at every six yards. The inventor thinks between eighty and ninety thousand dollars would be sufficient to put all the machinery and road in perfect working order.

HAYTI.

From the Nassau, N. P. Gazette of the 20th, we have intelligence from Hayti. From a gentleman who had arrived from Turks' island, and who visited St. Domingo on his way to Nassau, the editor learns that the people of that city on that island, he had visited both the Spanish and Haytien camps, and given it as his opinion, that the latter were the best in point of numbers, exceeded that of the Spanish army, yet that the latter appeared to be in the best discipline. He thinks that there were a pitched battle to ensue, the Haytiens would probably get the worst of it. There had been a slight skirmish, but nothing very serious had transpired.

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The Protestant Missionaries of different denominations have united in an effort to bring out as perfect a translation of the Bible into the Chinese language, as their combined knowledge of the tongue will permit.

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Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

NINETEEN DAYS LATER.

By the steamship Acadia, at Boston, we have Liverpool dates to April 6th and London to April 5th. The most interesting and important items of News are subjoined.

PARLIAMENTARY.

The Ministry had received an unexpected defeat on the Factory Bill of Lord Ashley's amendment respecting the Factory Bill.

The general impression from India had arrived at some three hundred persons. The steamer Acadia Bombay advices were to the 1st of March. The only intelligence of importance is, that the British forces had withdrawn from Gwalior.

The only other manufactory ever established by English capitalists in India, is again on sale the joint stock company who bought it of Lord Ashley proposed, having had no better success than those in Bengal.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" *is still in not a frank.*

Agents are placed against the names of those whose names are added.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless they are directed only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and the money is sent to the Post Office before it arrangages are due.

David Bank Notes of all Solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, while of which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always be made payable to the Publisher.

Removals must always state the Post Office to which they are, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the same publishing arrangements.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of W. Lathem, employed by us.

WM. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Dayton, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by Messrs. *Hamilton, Cleveland, Columbus, J. K. Humphreys, J. T. Dent and R. T. Jennings.*

JOHN NIMMO, Conklin, Fort and Hartford.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South West, assisted by *Messrs. Wm. Hamilton, Jr. of Philadelphia, William H. Weld, G. H. T. Dixon, and Henry Hamilton.*

THOMAS HOPE is our Agent for Albany, New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is Agent for us in Pennsylvania. JAMES A. MCMENNEN is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

W. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for May*, is originally beautiful, and will be more so when the plates illustrations—a basket with colored flowers, something of use and ornament, and a pattern of an article—looking "Mrs Queen," and a fashion plate, the figures of which are the prettiest of the kind we have seen. Lemon, conducted by the Arabia, though Mr Peterson owned the early copies of his Magazine two weeks ago. *A heritage of abundance of something to be found.* This fact, to which our attention has been called, proves how much is to be gained by noticing the wants of the fashion department. The contents, as usual are very rich, and all the more valuable for the peculiar taste of the female sex. This is what is said of it by the press:

Taking into consideration the number of its pages and the quality of its paper, the beauty of its typography, the engravings, the fashion plates, and the variety of its contents, we believe that the Ladies' National Magazine—and they declare a preference quite absurd of any thing else" *Saturday Evening Post.*

It is really a splendid affair. The engravings are superb, and the fashion plates are the best we have seen. It is a little ahead of any thing of the kind that is either out or in the course of publication, and we would not wonder for a month that will surpass the present, they enjoyed for a short time the honor of being under the control of *Constable Pioneer.*

MUSEUM OF NEW HEALTH. *By Mrs. Sarah Anna Lewis. New York. D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, George S. Appleton.*—This is a beautiful volume, produced in that style of elegance which is peculiar to the publishers, which prepares the reader to expect excellence and discrimination in the selection of matter. "Records of the Heart," will find little sympathy from those whose experiences have never been taught by grief or disappointment, but their chief merit is in the manner in which the author has learned to look upon the future as promising happiness certain and unalloyed, and to look upon the present as the friends of the happiness. Her volume is an ornament to the lady's table, and a valuable addition to the library of the contemplary plantation which young ladies often associate with life's actual scenery. Mrs Lewis is a writer of much power, and her delineations of disappointed anticipations and crushed hope, especially in reference to the longings of the heart for love, are beautiful and touching. We quote the very notes of the "Secret Hoard of Melancholy" The verse in question is from the pen of Mrs Hemans, and is correct and cultivated taste. It is the writer's *Mot appropriate* before the public.

WOMAN'S DOMESTIC LIBRARY OF PHILADELPHIA.—The new and improved edition of this work will be out in a week or two. We have seen the first and second numbers, and like the author, who has made this book the repository of all that is entertaining and virtuous in the history of our sex in every age. The work is published in parts, at the low price of 25 cents each, and if any one desires better for a time to examine it, he can have it sent to him for a month for one dollar.

THE MUSICAL CYCLOPEDIA.—No II. of the excellent work, published at the office of the Saturday Post, is before us table. The work will be completed in twenty numbers, and as each number is issued, we have no doubt its circulation for literary would think it complete without so capital a work of reference.

CRITICISMS AND *Romance of a Week*, *Related by the Author of Romantic Sir. Robinson & Peterson.*—That is an appropriate selection, we were about to say, but it is a delightful one, and we have spent a very pleasant reading.

MANUAL *A Prize Essay, by S. L. Dana.*" *is a small pamphlet published by Hasty & Whiting, Lowell, and for sale in this City by Appleton.*—It is an excellent practical essay on the management of cotton mills.

THE MOTHER'S GUIDE. *G. S. Appleton.*—This is a compilation of a very valuable character, prepared, we presume, by a physician of character and standing. It will be found highly useful in families

BOYD'S ALMANAC. *Boyd, Lauder & Co.*—The May number of Colman's very excellent and beautiful book for children, has been received.

GENERAL TOM THUMB.

Our readers cannot have forgotten the amusing article which appeared in the Post, about Gen. Thumb, who figured in that and other large cities a few months ago. Neither can they have forgotten the manner in which he embarked at New York, for Europe. It may amuse them to hear of his progress on the other side of the water. We give an account from late English papers.

The little "General" is at present located in very handsome quarters—the house of Mr Bartley, in Piccadilly, in the very heart of the great London throng. The price of admission is five shillings at first the higher classes. Daily, the hall is thronged with the elite, and a friend of ours informs us that the most distinguished persons of human race for the first time, a few days back, counted and lorded over the little fellow, and the carriages of the nobility and wealthy classes, extending for a long way in the direction of the "General!" The glass of fashion and the mould of which the Egyptians of old in the days of Pharaoh, throws the court of king Arthur and Queen Dulcinea in the shade. The king of Saxony is a favorite at the Egyptian Hall, are daily frequented by the youth and beauty of London high life, and the Duchess of Kent, with the Princess Victoria's first admission there. The muse of Wedding and Bond Street fashion is now in the wildest mood, that the aristocracy of England, on the one of the Americans, and the Tom Thumb is now our popular female sovereign, would address a diminutive and fascinating specimen of humanity from the other side of the Atlantic, in the language of the hero—

Welcome, thrice welcome, mighty Tom Thumb,
Then fate hero-puppy gave quarter,
We are pleased to have you with us,
Thy valor pon upon us!

Still less could we have anticipated that in the nineteenth century, the reply of the little "General," would have been in the form of lips of half a million Americans, would have been before the court of Queen Victoria, in substance as follows:

Oh Friday night, Mr. T. P. Barnum, the American proprietor of the sixth sea gambler, Tom Thumb, received the commands of Queen Victoria to attend at Buckingham Palace with his protegee. He was received in the Throne Gallery—a magnificent apartment, filled with some of the choicest productions of ancient and modern art. The Queen, Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, and a host of the nobility, were standing at the farther end of the room, when Mr. Barnum and the General" entered, followed by his guardian and the Lord in Waiting. The Queen then took him by the hand, led him about the Gallery, and asked him many questions. Every question elicited a smile from her Majesty. Her General told her that he liked the Picture Gallery "first rate;" that it was very fine, and that he came over on purpose to see her Majesty. During the time the Queen's face was suffused with pleasure, she then sent the Lord in Waiting for some *bonbons* which she gave him with her own hands. The General then proceeded to display his varied accomplishments before the royal circle—treating them to his performances of Napoleon, the statues, &c., and the case of England's Queen, on whose empire the sun never sets, loved, for the first time, that genuine specimen of nigger yrins, "Miss Lucy Long," sung by this little wonder. The effect was ludicrous in the high place. Prince Albert was also delighted with the performance, and having exhausted his good wrist, and head, expressed himself pleased with the "General" and his well-bred taste. The General and his guardian Mr. Barnum, after being presented to the Queen and a variety of the royal personages, withdrew, having received a handsome present from her Majesty, in the shape of Waiting.

On Friday, the "General," accompanied by Mr. Barnum, waited by command, upon the Queen Dowager, where a party of about thirty of the nobility, including a considerable number of ladies, were assembled. The little wonder appeared as usual charmed at the little fellow's wit and pleasantry, as was the loyal circle at Buckingham Palace. She took him by the hand and having got-ed him many compliments, withdrew, having received a handsome present from the hands of the Waiting.

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☞ Launched, on Saturday last, at the West Point Foundry, the United States steamer Spitfire, with submerged paddle wheels, constructed on the plan of Lieut. Hunter, of the Navy.

☞ The U. S. ship Plymouth, for the Mediterranean, went to sea on the 16th. She proceeds to Madeira, thence to Gibraltar, and thence to the Mediterranean.

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IN SENATE, Wednesday, April 17. The amendments of the House to the Pension Appropriation Bill were concurred in; and the bill from the House, appropriating $116,000 for the Navy, was read twice.

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The bill to amend the Post Office law was then taken up, the question being on the amendment reported by the Committee on the Post Offices and Post Roads, to strike out all after the enacting clause and insert the following:

That from and after the first day of July next, the postage on all letters and packets conveyed in the mail, for any distance not exceeding three hundred miles, shall be five cents; and for any distance exceeding three hundred miles, ten cents, the postage to be paid in all cases by the person sending the letter or packet.

Mr. Benton said the bill making appropriations for the improvement of certain Western rivers, passed the House on the 3d of March last, and called "Forget Me Not." In addition to the usual appropriations for the improvement of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, it proposed to appropriate $100,000 for the improvement of the Red River raft, and called "Forget Me Not." In addition to the usual appropriations for the improvement of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, it proposed to appropriate $100,000 for the improvement of the Red River raft, and called "Forget Me Not."

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Army & Navy.

☞ Mr. Tomlinson, of Pittsburg, is now building, at that city, a new ship-of-war for the revenue steamers. The first and largest is a Government steam-frigate, one hundred and seventy feet keel, and sixty feet beam, of extraordinary vessel, building for Lieut. McLaughlin. The plates of iron used in their construction, are beautifully moulded to form, by the pressure of immense machinery, without the marks of sledge or hammer, and the seams, it is stated, are joined with the precision attained in wood. She is to be remitted to Erie this month.

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Congressional.

IN SENATE, Thursday, April 18. After the reception of memorials, and the disposal of private bills, &c. the rest of the day was spent in the first Offer Bill, with a view of getting it into a shape to print it, in order that its amendments as they have passed the committee may be fairly considered. As the bill now stands, the amendments in regard to postage establish rates of 3-4 3 cents for 30 miles, 5 cents for 100 miles, 10 cents for 300, and 15 cents for all above. The franking privilege is limited to the secretary of Congress and thirty days before the meeting of Congress and thirty days after. It has been taken from deputy Postmasters altogether, and members of Congress, while they may receive anything as at present, are allowed during the sessions of Congress and a blank franks a day at the highest rates of postage.

IN THE HOUSE, the Western Harbor Bill was taken up, and an amendment, proposing to strike out all after the enacting clause, and insert the bill first reported by the Chamber of Commerce, was rejected, yeas 65, nays 112. After some discussion and confusion the question was put upon the passage of the bill, and it was rejected, yeas 84, nays 102.

The resignation of Gen. Thos. S. Jesup, has been accepted by Congress by William Sidney Winder, of Maryland, was presented by Mr. Mc Clay, of North Carolina, and a joint resolution was passed, accepting the resignation, and ordering it to be reported to the Department of State giving effect to the same.

IN SENATE, Friday, April 19. The joint resolution from the House, in relation to the Court Chest of Washington, was passed. The joint resolution from the House, to admit Mr. Greenhow, upon the Oregon Territory, was taken up. The Tariff Resolutions were taken up, and Mr. Wright, of New York, spoke at length against the present bill.

IN THE HOUSE, Mr. Adams presented the Resolutions of the Massachusetts Legislature, against the annexation of Texas.

The Harbor Bill, rejected on the day before, was taken up, on the vote re-considered, yeas 129, nays 10, and a debate arose on various offered amendments, which lasted the rest of the day. Motions to print 10,000 extra copies of the Chamber Report from the Committee on Manufactures, and of the report on the Missouri case, were called up and finally laid on the table, by a large majority.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, April 20. The Senate did not sit.

IN THE HOUSE, Resolutions on the question of slavery presented by the Legislature of the Massachusetts were received.

The Harbor Bill, was amended by striking out the appropriation for the Illinois River, was finally passed.

IN THE HOUSE, Monday, April 22. The Senate was not sitting.

IN THE HOUSE, a motion to re-consider the vote by which the Harbor Bill was passed, was lost. The Bill was passed was negatived. An effort was made to fix a final success, to take up the Harbor Bill.

Mr. Mckay moved to take up the Tariff Bill. A full attendance of members being obtained by a call of the House, the motion prevailed by a vote of 120 to 110, and the bill was taken up accordingly.

The first motion in amend the bill was by Mr. Bright, Indiana, to fix the 1st of January as the time when the new duties should take effect. This was opposed in pamphlets the present mentioned Mr. Mckay, of New York, and was lost

Selected Poetry.

WOMAN'S LOVE.—A FRAGMENT.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

[illegible]

—*Tribune.*

Selected Sketch.

INDIAN ADVENTURES IN OHIO.
Narrow Escape of two Bold Scouts.

The history of many of the Pioneers of the West is replete with bold adventures and hair-breadth escapes. We copy from the Lecture of Gen. Sanderson, the following thrilling narrative of a visit of two gallant Scouts to the spot where the town of Lancaster now stands—their successful fight with the Indians upon Mount Pleasant, then called the Standing Stone—recapture of a female prisoner—and their narrow and perilous escape from their wary enemy.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the North Western Territory, now that portion of our State from the Hockhocking to the Sciota, and from the Ohio river to the northern Lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowery prairies. Then the axe of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness; nor the plough of the husbandman marred the beauties of the green prairies. Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early, that "the memory of man runneth not parallel thereto." On the green sward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of one of the most powerful tribes, taking council for a "war path" on some weak or defenceless frontier post. Upon one of these *war-stirring* occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the Valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible and fatal blow on one of the few and scattered defences of the whites. A council was held by the garrison, and scouts were sent up the Hockhocking, in order to ascertain the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and on one of the balmiest days of our Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plumb and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory, now known as *Mount Pleasant*, whose western summit gives a commanding view to the eye, of what is doing on the prairie. This eminence was gained by our two adventurers and hardy scouts, and from this point they carefully observed the movements taking place on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie, the horse-racing, leaping, running and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors. The old sachems looking on with indifference—the squaws, for the most part, engaged in their useful drudgeries, and the papooses manifesting all the noisy and wayward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors, was hailed by the *terrible war whoop*, which, striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentions of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts, these were martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness, and newly strung their iron frames—from their early youth they had been always on the frontier, and therefore well practiced in all the subtlety, craft and cunning, as well as know- [illegible]

[illegible] acclivity of the Mount, and were cautiously ascending, carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree, and rock to rock, until the whole base of the Mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape cut off.

In this peril nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could; this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been a captive to the scouts. She said no! death, and that in presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity—furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not! here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours! and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives. Remonstrance proved fruitless, the two scouts matured their plans for vigorous defence—opposing craft to craft, expedient to expedient, and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle. The attack commenced in front, where, from the narrow back-bone of the Mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warrior must, however, be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form was target enough for the unerring rifle of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of the rifle, without the possibility of escape. Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but a brave companion and an unerring shot—them they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they continued calm, and as calculating, and as unwearied as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could produce.

Soon M'Clelland saw a tall swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock, that a single bound must reach it, and all hope be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all—coolly he raised his rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure, that he felt conscious *it would do*—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap—and with the agility of the deer he made the spring—instead of reaching the rock, he sprung ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell he fell upon the earth, and his dark corpse rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favorite warrior, as well as being foiled for a time in the most important movement. A very few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught momentary glimpses of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing towards the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior behind the cover, preparing for a leap to gain the fearful rock—the leap was made, and the warrior turning a summerset, his corpse rolled down towards his companion's—again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely kept their position, and bravely maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing, and the scouts supposed that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and crouching in the undergrowth she crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of defenders and assailants—her practised eye had early noticed the *fatal rock*, and hers were the *mysterious hands* by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring and blood-thirsty *brave* of the Shawnese tribe. He it was, who ten years previous, had scalped the family of the girl, and been her captor. In the west, dark clouds were now gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them; this darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable, if not inevitable. An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was agreed that the girl, from the intimate knowledge of the localities, should lead the advance a few steps. Another advantage might be gained by this arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some out-post, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue, would perhaps enable her to deceive the sentinel; and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a low "whist" from the girl, warned them of present danger. The scouts sunk silently to the earth, where by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl—whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour, now began to excite the most serious apprehensions. At length she again appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels, who were directly in their route, to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level gained, and the scouts followed their intrepid pioneer for half a mile, in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog, within a few feet, apprised them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them, and stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterwards, the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared, and that they were now in safety. She knew that every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment. They now kept a course for the Ohio, being guided by the Hockhocking river—and after three days march and suffering, the party arrived at the Block-House in safety. Their escape from the Indians prevented the contemplated attack; and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Neil Washburn, celebrated in Indian history as the renowned Scout to Captain Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The principal facts of this narrative, were given by the brother of M'Clelland, to a citizen of Lancaster, and the adventures related, prove that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

A RARE NIGHT.

I remember passing a winter's night in a very strange manner. When I was about eighteen years old, being quartered near a country village, I bought a fine game cock, not to fight but to keep. He was as fine a feathered biped as ever strutted on a pair of legs. I had carried him home, where he and I arrived about five o'clock on a winter's evening. It so happened that another youth and myself were obliged for a time to occupy one small sleeping apartment. I had a full sized bed in it; my companion occupied a small travelling bed, which fitted him like a coffin, folded into a portmanteau in the day, and was laid out at night by his servants. No sooner had I arrived than I was summoned to dinner; but what must I do with Chanticleer? I was puzzled; so I put him *pro tempore* into a dark wooden cupboard, close to the floor, among a parcel of old shoes and coats and pans, and shut the door. Chanticleer, no doubt, made the best of his [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the hero was deposited. Instantly he removed his bed. Determined upon vengeance he opened the cupboard door, which was no sooner done than the terrified animal battered out the light with his wings, and escaped into some corner of the room. The candle was lost; so down lay my friend, grumbling. At break of day Chanticleer again commenced, but he was quickly assailed with boots and shoes, all kinds of missiles, from both beds, which silenced him till breakfast.

Such a night of restlessness and fun I never did pass before, and I fear never shall again; it is not often one gets so hearty and so innocent a laugh, although, to be sure, my friend and Chanticleer were sufferers!

Our Scrap Book.

QUARTAINS FOR QUARTER-DAY.

We have lived and loved together
In the cottage of content,
But I'm sure I know not whether
We ever paid the rent.

We watch'd the daylight going
To the west on golden wings,
Then without our landlord's knowing,
We slyly moved our things.

We have seen the dark-eyed stranger
Still watching our abode:
We knew that there was danger,
For we thought of what we owed.

We have seen our assets dwindle
Down to our final sou;
You felt that we must swindle,
And I always felt with you.

What a flinty heart pervades men,
When they look on one that's poor!
We have seen the many tradesmen
Who would never trust us more.

Let us cross the Scottish Border,
Leave the lion in his lair;
For not e'en a judge's order,
I'm told, can reach us there.—*Punch.*

The Value of a Syllable.—The masters of olden times at Athens, and afterwards at Oxford, were called Sophi, and the scholars Sophistæ; but the masters, taking it in scorn that the scholars should have a larger name than they, called themselves Philosopi—that is, lovers of science—and so got the advantage of the scholars by one syllable. Everybody has heard of Foote's celebrated motto for a tailor-friend of his, about to sport his coat of arms—"List, list, Oh list!" But everybody has not heard, probably, though it is noticed in his memoir, that the learned Cambridge divine and antiquary, Dr. Cocks Macro, having applied to a Cambridge acquaintance for an appropriate motto to his coat of arms, was pithily answered with "Cocks may Crow."—*Nuts to Crack.*

To Preserve Tools from Rust.—To preserve sickles, scythes, reaping hooks, and other steel tools from rust after the season for using them, wipe them clean and dry, and hold them before the fire until warm enough to melt wax, then take some beeswax and rub it all over them. Then put them in a dry place, but not warm; they need no covering.

☞ George the First offered a reward of fifty guineas to the person who could make rhyme to "porringer." The following was handed in by one of the poets of that age:

"The Duke of York a daughter had,
He gave the Prince of Orange her,
And now, my lord, I claim the prize,
For making rhyme with porringer."

"I have three rules," said Lord Brougham. "The first is to be a whole man to one thing at a time—the second, never to lose an opportunity of doing anything which can be done—the third, never to entrust to others what I ought to do myself."

A Beautiful Idea.—As to Daguerreotypes, "a woman's heart is the only true plate for man's likeness. An instant gives the impression, and an age of sorrow and change effaces it not!"

☞ A gentleman in New Orleans, a contractor for ice, is in the habit of examining it with a microscope to see if it is solid. He tests its quality in this way.

☞ It is said there is a man in these parts so temperate that he will not eat beef that has been *corned.*

Selected Articles.

COURTSHIP OF THE ELDER ADAMS.

Some ten years since I spent a college vacation in the town of Weymouth, Norfolk county, Mass. While there, I attended church one Sunday morning at what was called the old Weymouth meeting house, and heard a sermon from the venerable pastor, the Rev. Jacob Norton. About the same time, I made Norton a visit, and became much interested in the old gentleman. I mentioned my agreeable visits to an aged lady of the parish, whose acquaintance I had made. She informed me that Mr. Norton was ordained their pastor when he was about twenty-one years of age, and that he had been with them nearly forty years. She observed that most of his present parishoners could remember no other pastor; but that she could well remember his predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Smith, and that he and Mr. Norton had filled the same pulpit for the better part of the last eighty years.

"Mr. Smith," said she, "was an excellent man, and a very fine preacher; but he had high notions of himself and family—in other words, he was something of an aristocrat." One day, said she to me, "to illustrate to you a little the character of old parson Smith, I will tell you an anecdote that relates to himself and some other persons of distinction. Mr. Smith had two charming daughters—(the eldest of these daughters was Mary, the other's name I have forgotten)—who was the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the belles of the country around. But while the careful guardians of the parson's family were holding consultation on the subject, it was rumored that two young lawyers (I think both of the neighboring town of Quincy,) a Mr. Cranch and a Mr. Adams, were paying their addresses to the Miss Smiths. As every man, woman and child of a country parish in New England, is acquainted with whatever takes place in the parson's family, all the circumstances of the courtship soon transpired. Mr. Cranch was of a respectable family of some note, was considered a young man of promise, and altogether worthy of the alliance he sought. He was very acceptable to Mr. Smith, and was greeted by him and his family with great respect and cordiality. He was received by the eldest daughter as a lover; and was in fact a young man of much respectability. He afterwards rose to the dignity of judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Massachusetts, and was the father of the present Hon. Judge Cranch, of the District of Columbia.

The suitor of the other daughter was John Adams, who afterwards became President of the United States. But at that time in the opinion of Mr. Smith and family, he gave but [illegible]

[illegible] in the arts of husbandry and shoe-making, but without success; and that he had sent him to college as a last resort. He in fine, begged his daughter not to think of making an alliance with one so much beneath her.

Miss Smith was among the most dutiful of daughters, but she saw Mr. Adams through a medium very different from that which her father viewed him. She would not for the world offend or disobey her father, but still John saw something in her eye and manner which seemed to say, "*persevere,*" and on that hint he acted.

M. Smith, like a good parson and an affectionate father, had told his daughters if they married with his approbation, he would preach each of them a sermon on the Sabbath after the joyful occasion; and that they should have the privilege of choosing the text.

The espousal of the eldest daughter, Mary, arrived, and she was united to Mr. Cranch in the holy bonds, with the approval, the blessings and benedictions of her parents and her friends. Mr. Smith then said, "my dutiful child, I am now ready to prepare your sermon for next Sunday; what do you select for your text?" "My dear father," said Mary, "I have selected the latter part of the 42d verse of the 10th chapter of Luke.

"*Mary hath chosen that good part which shall never be taken from her.*"

"Very good, my daughter," said her father; and so a sermon was preached.

Mr. Adams persevered in his suit in defiance of all opposition. It was many years after, and on a very different occasion, and in resistance of very different opposition, that he uttered these memorable words, "*sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this measure.*" But though the measures were different the spirit was the same. Besides he had already carried the main point of attack, the heart of the young lady—and he knew the surrender of the citadel must soon follow. After the usual hesitation and delay that attend such an unpleasant affair, Mr. Smith, seeing that resistance was fruitless, yielded the contested point with as much grace as possible, as many a prudent father has done, before and since that time. Mr. Adams was united to that lovely Miss Smith. After the marriage was over, and all things were settled in quiet, Mrs. Adams remarked to her father, "You preached sister Mary a sermon on the occasion of her marriage—won't you preach me one likewise?" "Yes my dear girl," said Mr. Smith, "choose your text, and you shall have your sermon." "Well," said the daughter, "I have chosen the 33d verse of the 7th chapter of Luke."

"*For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine; and ye say he hath a devil.*"

The old lady my informant, looked me very archly in the face when she repeated this passage and observed, "if Mary was the most dutiful daughter, I guess the other had the most wit."

I could not ascertain whether the last sermon was ever preached.

It may not be inappropriate to remark, how well these ladies justified the preference of the distinguished individuals who had sought them in marriage. Of them it will hardly be extravagant to say, they were respectively an honor to their husbands, the boast of their sex, and the pride of New England. Mrs. Adams in particular, who from the elevated position in which her husband was placed before the world, was brought before the public eye, was supposed to hold the same elevated rank with the gentle sex, that Mr. Adams did among men, and she is reported to have rendered her husband much assistance in his multiplied labors of the pen.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF A BABY.

We copy the following from the Knickerbocker of April. It is a postscript of a letter addressed to the Editor by a funny correspondent, who calls himself "Julien." If our readers laugh as much as we did, we pity them.

P. S.—Whoop! hurrah! Light upon the world again! Where are you, my fine Editor? I say, sir, I was an ass—do you hear? an *ass,* premature, wise before my time, a brute, a blockhead! Did I talk of dust and ashes? Oh! sir, I lied multitudinously. Every nerve, every muscle that didn't try to strangle me in that utterance, *lied.* No, sir; let me tell you it's a great world; glorious, magnificent; a world that can't be beat! Talk of the stars and a better world, but don't invite me there yet. Make my regrets, my apology to Death, but say that I can't come; "positive engagement; be happy some other time, but not now." Oh, no; this morning is quite too beautiful to leave; and beside I would rather stay, if not only to thank God a little longer for this glorious light, this pure air that can echo back my loudest hurrah. And then my boy ——. But hav'nt I told you? Why, sir, I've got a boy!—*a boy!* ha, ha! I shout it out to you—a boy; fourteen pounds, and the mother a great deal better than could be expected! And I say, Mr. Editor, it's *mine!*—hurrah and hallelujah forever! Oh, sir! such legs, and such arms, and such a head! and oh! my God! *he has its mother's lips!* I can kiss them forever! And then, sir, look at his feet, his hands, his chin, his eyes, his everything, in fact—so "*perfectly O. K.!*" Give me joy, sir; no you need'nt either. I am full now, I run over; and they say I run over a number of old women, half killed the mother, pulled the doctor by the nose, and upset a 'pothecary shop in the corner; and then didn't I blow the horn? Didn't I dance, shout, laugh, and cry all together? The women say they had to tie me up. I don't believe that; but who is going to shut his mouth when he has a live baby? You should have heard his lungs, sir, at his first mouthful of fresh air—such a bust! A little tone in his voice, but not pain; excess of joy, sir, from too great sensation. The air bath was so sudden, you know.

Think of all his beautiful machinery starting off at once in full motion; all his thousand outside feelers answering to the touch of the cool air; the flutter and crash at the ear; and that curious contrivance the eye, looking out wonderingly and bewildered upon the great world, so glorious and dazzling to his unworn perceptions—his net-work of nerves, his wheels and pulleys, his air-pumps and valves, his engines and reservoirs; and within all, that beautiful fountain, with its jets and running streams dashing and coursing through the whole length and breadth without stint, or pause, making altogether, sir, exactly fourteen pounds!

Did I ever talk brown to you, sir, or blue, or any other of the devil's colors? You say I have. Beg your pardon, sir, but you are mistaken in the individual. I am this day, sir, multiplied by two. I am duplicate. I am number one of an indefinite series, and there's my continuation. And you observe, it is not a block, nor a block-head, nor a painting, nor a bust, nor a fragment of any thing however beautiful; but a combination of all the arts and sciences in one; painting, sculpture, music (hear him cry,) mineralogy, chemistry, mechanics (see him kick,) geography and the use of the globes (see him nurse,) and withal he is a perpetual motion—a time-piece that will never run down!

THE LAMENT OF THE DISCARDED.

Refused again! I really feel
Exceedingly distressed!
No soothing potion now can heal
The anguish of my breast.
It is a shame, upon my word,
To see another thus preferred,
And with her beauties blest,
While I am jilted, flung, refused,
Disdained, rejected, scorned, abused.

It is ungrateful, though indeed,
This cruelty to me—
For I have been her friend in need,
When no one else would be.
I've taken her to parties—balls—
Assemblies—I've made morning calls—
I've even gone to tea;
I've been from autumn until spring
A dangler at her apron-string.

I've wandered with her many a night
Along the dewy sward,
When Dian from her cloudless height
A mellow radiance poured.
I've made her presents—rings and roses,
Perfumes, pomatums, prints and posies—
And this is my reward—
To see her thus another's bride,
Myself most rudely cast aside.

'Sdeath, 'tis too much! does she suppose
We men were made to sigh,
And cringe, and fawn, and kneel to those
Who cast us coldly by,
And tear our very heart-strings from us?
I'll—sue her for a breach of promise—
I'll lay my damage high—
I'll teach her that these same flirtations
Are quite expensive recreations.—*New Mirror.*

NAPOLEON'S CHARGER.

The Royal Amphitheatre, London, has recently been the place of exhibition of the favorite horse of Napoleon, called by his master "*Superb,*" now thirty-eight years old and a beautiful animal. We find the history of the creature given as follows in an English journal.

This noble animal was captured by General Orloff, in 1833, in the disastrous retreat from Moscow. He was a great favorite with the Emperor, and the companion of many of his most successful campaigns. He remained in the possession of Orloff, at St. Petersburg, till [illegible]

[illegible] for his own sake." This trust was discharged with exemplary devotion by the elder Tournaire, who, on his death, in 1839, left him to his present owner, Mons. Tournaire, whose tenderness towards him is but evidenced by his advanced age. Superb is a white, or rather very light grey, Arabian, and is sixteen hands high. He is now incapable of much exertion, and little is assigned him in the piece now being performed; but it is interesting to see him introduced on the stage, with one who is the very resemblance of his once imperial but long deceased master; and affecting to witness him—his ear still quick to the martial tone of the war horn—join, riderless, in the mimic procession of that extraordinary man, with whom he was a great favorite.

STANZAS.

I know that ere the lapse of years
Have sown these locks with silver grey,
This form by friends, perchance with tears,
Shall to its rest be laid away,
I know that when the turf shall lie
In grassy verdure on my breast,
That few will pause of passers by,
To think of him who there shall rest.

I know that soon my humble name
Shall sink amid Life's busy din,
And not a sole memorial claim,
To witness that I e'er have been.
'Tis well—for little would I care
To swell the rolls of high renown;
'Tis fondness all for empty air—
The prince shall moulder with the clown.

Yet would I in some faithful heart,
That once had loved me long and well,
Still share an undivided part,
And there still unforgotten dwell.
Yes—let some friend—warm, true, sincere—
Whose generous soul could bear with me,
Remember me with a silent tear,
Not what I was, but what *could* be—

Let such—although but one be found,
Still think of me when life is o'er,
And be my memory clustered round
That faithful heart—I'll ask no more.—*Tribune.*

RESULT OF ACCIDENT.

Many of the most important discoveries in the field of science have been the result of accident. Two little boys of a spectacle-maker in Holland, while their father was at dinner, chanced to look at a distant steeple through two eye-glasses, placed one before another. They found the steeple brought much nearer the shop windows. They told their father on his return, and the circumstances led to a course of experiments, which ended in the telescope. Some shipwrecked sailors once collected some seaweeds on the sand, and made a fire to warm their shivering fingers and cook their scanty meal. When the fire went out, they found that the alkali of the seaweed had combined with the sand and formed glass—the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment.

In the days when every astrologer and every chemist was seeking after the philosopher's stone, some monks, carelessly making up their materials, by accident invented gunpowder—which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war.

Sir Isaac Newton's most important discoveries concerning light and gravitation, were the result of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by the soap-bubbles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall of an apple as he sat in the orchard. And it was hastily scratching on a stone a memorandum of some articles brought him by a washerwoman, that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Senefelder.

The following is an extract of an April poem from the pen of Willis:

"Take of my violets. I found them where
The liquid south stole o'er them, on a bank
That leaned to running water. There's to me
A daintiness about these early flowers
That touches me like poetry. They blow
With such a simple loveliness, among
The common herbs of pasture, and breathe
Out their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.
I love to go in the capricious days
Of April, and hunt violets, when the rain
Is in the blue cups trembling, and they nod
So gracefully to the kisses of the wind.
It may be deemed too idle, but the young
Read nature like the manuscript of Heaven,
And call the flowers its poetry."

Choice Selections.

THE GUILLOTINE.

The London Quarterly Review, for December, the re-publication of which has been received by Jordan & Co., contains an elaborate but interesting article upon the systematized murders by the Guillotine, the origin of the barbarious instrument, and other matters connected with this most terrible feature in the history of the French Revolution. The Guillotine, it appears, was not originally designed with any view to what turned out to be its most important characteristic—the great number of victims that it could execute in a short space of time—but, this bloody instrument was at first proposed on a combined principal of justice and mercy, the inventor contending that hanging was a lingering and cruel punishment, while death by decapitation must be immediate.

After giving much information in relation to this sanguinary machine, the writer of the article, speaking of the position it occupied in France, says that the Guillotine remained in permanence in the celebrated "Place de la Revolution" until June 8th, 1794, when the inhabitants of the streets through which the sufferers had to pass, being weary of the heart-rending sight, resolved that the cruel instrument should be removed to the "Place St. Antoine," in front of the ruins of the Bastile. It stood in this new position, however, but five days, the shopkeepers not liking their new neighbor, and having in these brief five days executed ninety-six persons, it was removed to the "Barrier du Trone," where it stood from the 9th of June to the fall of Robespierre, 27th July, 1794.

In the forty-nine days, in which it is said to have stood at the "Barriere du Trône," it despatched 1270 persons, of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, and it became necessary to build a kind of *sanguiduct* to carry off the streams of blood; and on the very day when Robespierre fell—even when the slightest interruption would have sufficed to have stopped the fatal procession—forty-nine persons passed to the place of execution! On the 27th of July, at about half past three in the afternoon, just as this last batch of victims were about to leave the Conciergerie, a considerable commotion in the town took place, caused by the revolt against Robespierre.

Here an event occurred which reflected great credit upon Sanson, the chief executioner. He was conducting the prisoners, but observing the disturbance, and seeing Fauquier, the Accusateur Public, passing the court where the prisoners were ascending the fatal carts, on his way to dinner, he ventured to stop Fauquier, and represented to him that there were rumors of a commotion, suggesting whether it would not be prudent to postpone the execution, at least until the next morning. Fauquier roughly replied that the law must take its course. He went to dinner, and the forty-nine victims went to the scaffold—whither, in due time *he* followed them!

The next day the guillotine was removed back to the scene of its longest triumphs—the "Place de la Revolution"—where, on the 28th of July, it avenged humanity on Robespierre and twenty-one of his followers; the next day, sixty-nine, and the day after thirteen more of his associates. The writer in the Quarterly, justly adds that though France is naturally anxious to forget these Revolutionary horrors, it behoves the rest of Europe to remember and meditate upon them.

COOKING HAMS.

Hams should, previously to boiling, be soaked to make them tender. A green or new ham, may be put in soak early in the evening, and the water changed about ten or eleven o'clock. One night's soaking will be enough for it. An older ham should soak twenty-four hours; and one two years old will require soaking for two days and nights; always changing the water at intervals. A ham weighing fifteen or twenty pounds should be boiled six or seven hours simmering slowly the first hour. Take care to skim the pot well. When the ham is done, strip off the skin, which should be saved to skewer on again when the ham is put away cold. This will prevent the cold ham from becoming dry and hard. A cold ham that has not been cut, can be greatly improved by glazing it as follows:—Have ready a sufficiency of beaten yolks of eggs, and dipping in a brush or pen feather go over the ham with it. Then cover it with bread crumbs grated as finely as possible—and afterwards go over it with cream. Finish by browning it in the oven of a stove. This glazing is delicious. Cold boiled ham is better than raw for broiling or frying. If raw ham is to be broiled or fried, scald it several times, to take out the salt which otherwise will come forth in cooking, and stand upon the surface [illegible]

A Remedy for the Nightmare.—The Boston Cultivator [illegible]

MANAGEMENT OF PORK.

In Europe, the Russian pork bears a high price, and its quality is supposed to be owing to the pickle in which it is preserved. This is called "the Empress of Russia's brine," and is prepared as follows:—"Boil together, over a gentle fire, five pounds of common salt, (that in most common use in Russia is rock salt) two pounds of powdered loaf sugar, three ounces of saltpetre, and three gallons of spring or pure water. Skim it while boiling, and when quite cold pour it over the meat, every part of which must be covered with the brine. Small pork may be sufficiently cured in four or five days; hams intended for drying, two weeks, unless they are very large. This pickle may be used again and again, if it be fresh boiled up with a small addition to the ingredients. Before putting the meat into the brine, wash in water, press out the blood, and wipe it clean. Pickling tubs should be larger at the bottom than at the top; by which means, when well packed, the pork will retain its place until the last layer is exhausted. When the pork is cool, it may be cut up; the hams and shoulders reserved for bacon, and the remainder salted. Cover the bottom of the tub or barrel with rock salt, and on it place a layer of meat, and so on till the tub is filled. Use the salt liberally, and fill the barrel with strong brine, boiled and skimmed, and then cooled."

The Olio.

The King of Sweden.—A propos de tatouage, it is affirmed that the King of Sweden's physicians were greatly astonished the other day, on bleeding His Majesty, to find the words "Liberte! Egalite! ou la Mort!" very legibly stained on his arm. They could not recover from their amazement. Chas. John has been so long a King that it is forgotten that he began by being a mere hero, and he is so good a King that one cannot persuade one-self that he was formerly so good a Republican. But how strange—a King tattooed with liberty! Our whole age is exhibited in that reapproachment: liberty, equality or death! Yet it is with such mottoes that one reaches a throne in our days.—*Madame M. Giradin.*

Mile.—The following exhibit of the number of yards contained in a mile in different countries will often prove a matter of useful reference to readers.

A mile in	England or America,	1760 yds.
	Russia,	1100
	Italy,	1476
	Scotland and Ireland,	2200
	Poland,	4400
	Spain,	5028
	Germany,	8066
	Sweeden and Denmark,	7823
	Hungary,	8800
League in	America or England,	5280

What a rifle can do.—The N. Y. Aurora informs us that a rifle has recently been made to order, for $50, by a manufacturer in Cincinnati, which the maker warrants that, at 100 yards, he can place 10 balls in succession through a three inch ring; at 200 yards, 3 balls in succession in a 9 inch ring; at 300 yards, 10 balls in succession in a 20 inch ring; and at one-quarter of a mile, he will place 10 balls in succession in a 30 inch ring! The bore is not above 75 balls to the pound, and the barrel is sighted with a horizontal sight and a globe, adapted to either game or the target.

Queer Enough.—Among the records of the good old town of Ipswich, Mass., we find the following under date of 1681:—

"Single persons who are under no government are ordered to put themselves under the care of some head of a family. Daniel Weldrom is required to return to his wife according to law."

The record does not give us the reasons why Danial Weldrom left his wife in the first place, or whether he returned, "according to law," in the last. Singular people, our forefathers, strange ways did they have.

Complimentary.—A man not a thousand miles from Lowell, once asked another who he liked best to hear preach. Why, said he, I like to hear Mr. ——— best, because, said he, I don't like any preaching, and his comes the *nearest to nothing* of any that I ever heard.

Death of Rev. R. O. Dwight.—The N. Y. Express announces the death of this excellent man, who for the last seven or eight years has been laboring as a missionary in India, under the direction of the American Board.

☞ Christopher North, of Blackwood, who, it seems, has but little "music in his soul," has lately been to a concert, where he tried to faint—*that he might be carried out*—but he couldn't quite come it.

Keep him at least three paces distant, who hates music and the laugh of a child.

Moderation is the silken string running through all virtues.

THE LEADING
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.
UNITED STATES
SATURDAY POST.

This well established periodical, the name of which has so long been a household word in every part of the Union, continues its claims upon the favor of the reading public. No effort which industry in the business department, enterprise in the arrangements for the provision of matter, and careful consultation of the progress of the public taste can suggest, is omitted to make the Post acceptable to every member of a well ordered family. Deeming

PURITY OF MORALS

the great safeguard of private happiness and public prosperity, the conductors carefully exclude from its columns every thing, however brilliant in

LITERARY MERIT

[illegible]

ACCEPTABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER

[illegible]

TALES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

[illegible]

AMERICAN HISTORY, LIFE AND MANNERS,

[illegible]

FAVORITE EUROPEAN WRITERS

[illegible]

POETRY, SELECTED AND ORIGINAL,

[illegible]

ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

[illegible]

THE FAVORITE FAMILY JOURNAL.

[illegible]

CAREFULLY PREPARED NEWSPAPER,

[illegible]

AGRICULTURAL MATTER

[illegible]

PENS OF ABLE WRITERS

[illegible]

FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

[illegible]

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

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TERMS.

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BRONCHITIS.

[illegible]

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

[illegible]

JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

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CURES AT HOME.

[illegible]

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA.

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S PERIODICAL

[illegible]